There is no chance, no destiny, no fate
Can circumvent, can hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great,
All things give way before it, soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-secking river in its course.
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

Each well-born soul must win, what it deserves Let the fool brate of luck. The fortunate Is he whose earnest purpose never awerves.
Whose slightest action or inaction serves.
The one great aim. Why, even death stands

still
and waits an hour sometimes for such a will.

STORY OF A DEBUTANTE.

One sultry afternoon about the last of August, one of those days when you wish yourself a fish or any cold-blooded animal, when Washington, with its asphalt streets seemed to be steaming, a man was walking rapidly, considering the weather, up H street to the Metropolitan Club. He hurried up the steps and, droppinglinto the first chair, beckoned one of the weary, perspiring waiters and ordered a cooling drink. Then, lighting a cigarette, that panacea of all ills, mental, moral or physical, he proceeded to draw a letter from his pocket, and with a pleased look as of a man who espies an oasts in a

a letter from his pocket, and with a pleased look as of a man who espies an oasis in a desert begins to read it half aloud.

"Dear Jack: You know Suzette and I are spending the summer near, where I managed to secure quite a comfortable, roomy house. These are its only two qualifications, however, as I think the architect must have had a spite against men, especially those in the security to force them to gaze meen such a a spite against men, especially those in the vicinity, to force them to gaze upon such a structure. But that was of no consequence to us, and Suzettelhas managed to make it look quite hometike. Now, old chap, we want you to come down and spend September with us. It is a sacrifice I am asking of you, for we are really out of civilization, and as Suzette you know is in mourning, we have no house party to make it gay for you, only Marjory, any consin. She is a nice, sensible girl, and will not bother us, as she rides pretty much all day. By the way, as an inducement to you I hold out two splendid hunters that I bought this apring, which have turned out splendidly, and the road and fields make capital riding. Come to-morrow; you can telegraph we may or may not get it; it depends on the digestion of the operator, but we will hope for the best. Yours always, "Kuch Hutlender."

August 20th. "The Barn."

Jack Chilten folded the letter, put it back

August 20th. "The Barn."

Jack Chilten folded the letter, put it back
his pocket and looked up to find the waiter
standing at a respectful distance, but with a
reproachful look, holding a veritable poem of

coolness on his waiter.

"What time does the train for A——leave
to-morrow morning?" Jack inquired, as he
took very carefully the glass, as though afraid
a shaking would rain the flavor, and critically

a shaking would ruin the flavor, and critically tasted it.

"Nine forty-five, sir," was the reply.

"And arrives?"

"Five thirty, sir."

"Very good; that's all at present; no, William (calling him back), tell my man that I beave to morrow morning for the mountains at 2.45, and to stay, certainly, two weeks." And, sinking back in his leasy chair, Chilten began to speculate as to how he would spend the time, and, above all, to wonder about 'my cousin." She was the screentricity to fight shy of young women. There was nothing, he maintained when urged again and again by his friends to meet some of the "blushing buds" of society. "there is nothing so thoroughly insipid, stupid, sentimental and boring as a debutante." So during his twenty-eight years he managed to escape olever, mammas with budding daughters, and resisted all the reproaching, sweet, would be alluring smiles of the fair damsels. Many good friends he had, however, among the older women, married and unmarried, but as yet no one, it was said, could make his heart beat faster or quicken his cold-blooded pulse. There were rumors many years before, when he himself was making his debut at the capital, of an affair with the then notoriously pretty Mrs. H., but it was so far in the distance and so obscure in details that people had forgotten it, and he was allowed for the most part the happy privilege of being unmolested.

Chilten and Rutledge were old college

d being unmolested. Chilten and Rutledge were old college friends, but Rutledge's marriage and his own foreign mission had kept them apart for three years, so it was with great engerness and

looked forward to a month in the country. But that girl! With a frown Chilten jumped to his feet.

"Confound it all." he exclaimed. I must not let such a small, insignificant thing as a girl worry me. Hugh says the house is large. so I can certainly in some way steel clear of this nuisance, but I wish girls could be fed and put to sleep like anacondas; then they could do so little harm and annoy so little. But I won't anticipate; sufficient unto charming intellectual old maid of forty."

Thus soliloquizing, Jack walked to his club chambers, where he found his valet in

the midst of packing.

A low, rambling red brick house, with long porches and an old-fashioned garden, is the "Barn," as the Rutledges named their sumnear house. They were people who never could stay in a house a month without giving it a name, and so this house followed the fate of many preceding ones. If ugly as a piece of architecture, the barn certainly gave one, even at the first glance an improvement. at the first glance, an impression of comfort, not condensed comforts—some people think nothing can be com-fortable except a small house—but good large substantial comfort, such as the first settlers of our Southern States knew how to give. As it was the 1st of September,

there was a riotous growth in the garden, dahlias, roses, mignonette, all in charming confusion. The trees were very large and beautiful, some growing very near the house, so that some of the small twigs peeped curiously into the up stairs windows. The porch, which seems to run entirely around the house. was divided in several places by Japanese cur-

tains and shades.

On the shady side are two ladies, a fox terrier and a large and very fine mastiff. The elder of the two, whom we know as Suzette, is a pretty brunette, vivacious, but with a great deal of plain common sense, and the combination is always charming. She was always a lucky is always charming. She was always a lucky girl. With wealthy parents she had had a very happy time during the two years she was out, and then she fell in love and married Hugh Rutledge, a good fellow and a great catch. They have been married three years, and have a little boy a year old. So it is a very sweet, contented look she has, while rocking lazily back and forth in an enormous arm chair, apparently reading, but most of the time hereyes wander down the lawn, where under the trees little down the lawn, where under the trees little Hugh is playing. "My cousin, Marjory," is at full length in a hammock, a position so trying to an ungraceful person and so advantageous to a graceful one. She, too, is reading, and evidently the book is not to her taste, for the middenly through it down with a second country. she suddenly throws it down with a bang, which caused both Mrs. R. and Bismarck, the mastiff, to turn and looki at her. The one in-

mastiff, to turn and look at her. The one inquiringly and the other reproachfully at having his afternoon nap disturbed.

"Well, Marjory, what is wrong? Didn't she marry the right man, or what?" asked Suzette.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young girl passionately, "there are so many things I wish I knew and could understand. The more I read, the stupider I feel. How happy men and women must be when they are confident that they know more than any one else on oertain subjects."

and women must be when they are confident that they know more than any one else on certain subjects."

"Marjory, you wish me to lecture you again? How often have I told you that so much and such promiscuous reading was bad for you. Here you are a debutante trying to understand Darwin, Spencer and Huxley. It is absurd for you even to try. What is there left for you to learn if you try to understand everything in the beginning of your life, and I do wish you would be reasonable and try to make yourself agreeable to Jack Chilten when he comes. You will have to exert yourself, for he hates girls."

"Especially debutantes," put in Hugh, coming around the corner, "so, Mariory, you will have to be very clever and blase, as if you had been out for years."

"Hugh, dear," broke in Marjory, who could not help being piqued by what they said, and who was intensely tired of hearing Jack Chilten's praises sung and his indifference to all young girls praised, "you and Zettie must promise you won't by a single slip let him find out that I am a debutante. Let me try and fool him, as you did that great swell the other day, with your American claret. Oh! ye gods! I shall never. never forget his expression when after having critically tasted and held it to the light, he never forget his expression when after having critically tasted and held it to the light he pronounced it the finest old wine he had ever drunk, and you said. 'Yes, pretty good claret for Virginia!' Now, listen, Hugh: I want to

see the expression on Mr. Chilten's face when, after having been fooled, he hears I am a debutante, and I can fool him, because you know, Hugh, how dignified and sober I can be, how unlike the usual debutante. You know a great many men have told me that I had none of the attributes of a debutante (counting on her fingers). I don't eat cake, candy, or salted almonds. I never say a gown is perfectly sweet, and I don't rave about anything."

"What about 'soda and Bismarck?" asked Suzette. "You may not call it raving, but sometimes your remarks on those subjects are worthy of a maniac."

"Oh, that doesn't count; nobody could help raving over soda and Bismarck; could they, Hugh?"

"No, my dear child, and that reminds me you have three-quarters of an hour to dress

you have three-quarters of an hour to dress before we start for the station. Suzette, will you go in the cart and bring Jack home? and Marjory and I will ride. How does that suit

"Oh, perfectly," they both answered, for Suzette was only fond of driving and Mar-jory was nearer heaven, she said, on a horse than anywhere else.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cyclones and Tornadoes. The relentiess violence of tornadoes is a direct result of their whirling, and the whirling is a habit which they have inherited from the rotation of the cyclonic storms in which they are bred. The cyclones have not of themselves originated the rotation that so universally characterizes them, but in turn have received the habit from the great polar whirl of the general atmospheric circulation in which they are formed, and this has come by immediate inheritance from the rotation of immediate inheritance from the rotation of that persistent and inveterate spinner, old that persistent and inveterate spinner, old Mother Earth. The whirling that characterizes our tornadoes is, therefore, passed down to them in direct line of inheritance from the rotation of their great-grandparent, and you may ask any astronomer if he thinks that will soon cease. To be sure, there would be no polar whirl if there were no equatorial overflow, but there will be an overflow as long as the but there will be an overflow as long as the sun shines on the equator, and the perma-nence of this may also be referred to the astronomers. They will indeed tell you that the duration of sunshine cannot be expected to reach as far into the future as the endu-rance of the earth's rotation, but both are enrance of the earth's rotation, but both are enduring enough for all practical purposes. It may be well to mention that most cyclones have no tornado offspring, for which we may be duly thankful, but others have a rather large family. Consider the extraordinarily iruitful cyclonic storm that traversed our country on the 19th of February, 18-4; as its center moved from Illinois into Canada, it gave birth to some forty or fifty vicious tornadoes in the Southern States. Most happliy for us, these little whirls are short lived; they seldom live more than half an hour, sometimes an hour. more than half an hour, sometimes an hour advancing in this brief time from ten to forts advancing in this brief time from ten to forty miles, although their parents may go on for a week or two, and cross a continent and an ocean; indeed, one cyclonic storm has been traced in apparently continuous progress all around the world. Again, just as it is not every cyclone storm that gives birth to tornadoes, so even the tornado breeders do not generate these violent offspring at all points on their course, but have their breeding grounds; and alas; the favorite ground is our fruitful Mississippi Valley. As they cross over that superb stretch of country, particularly in the spring and early summer, the cyclonic indraught brings together the unlike elements from which the tornadoes arise; the warm, damp lower winds from the Gulf, and the cool, dry upper winds from the western or northwestern interior where the temperature is still the conditions the conditions the cool, dry upper winds from the western or northwestern interior where the temperature is still the conditions the cool, the conditions the conditions the cool, the conditions ern interior where the temperature is still low. Nowhere else in the world is there a like opportunity for the crossing of winds so strongly contrasted, and nowhere else do cyclonic storms so often give birth to torna-

The same relation of short-lived offspring and long-lived parent appears between the cyclonic storms, whose life-history we meascyclonic storms, whose life-instory we measure in days or in weeks, and the great polar whirl, whose duration we may almost call immortal. The polar whirl has times of greater activity in winter, when the contrast of temperature between equator and pole is at its maximum, and at this seasan the most and the strongest cyclones are generated in it. In summer time, when the difference of temperature between equator and pole is least, the ature between equator and pole is least, the whirl runs slower, and its cyclones are fewer and weaker; but it is chiefly in these latter that the tornadoes are produced. The earth must therefore already have been, and continue to be for ages and ages to come, subject to cyclones and tornadoes; yet if we take a very long view of the matter, it might be allowable to say that the polar whirl is not immortal for it presumably was not at work when the earth was glowing with its own when the earth was glowing with its own heat; nor will it remain in operation when the keat of the sun, on which it now depends, is exhausted. The polar whirl lives all through that immensity of time in which the sun determines our climate, but the rotation of the earth, on which the whirling of the atmosphere depends, is more enduring still. In the ardent youth of the world, long past, as well as in the cold old age, in the distant future, its rotation prevails; we must conceive of the turning being as long-lived as the earth itself. Whence did it come by this persistent habit? The earth turns on its axis from west to east, or, as seen from the North-star side, from right to left. So do the moon and the sun, and Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, the only other members of the solar system whose rotation is certainly known. They all turn one way. Again the same strong family likeness. Not only so: the moon revolves around the earth in the same direction as both turn on their axis, and the planets all revolve around the sun heat; nor will it remain in operation when the axis and the planets all revolve around the sun in the same direction as they rotate day after day. Saturn's rings turn in the same direction. Everywhere the same well-marked habit of turning from west to east, from right to left.—William M. Davis, in the Atlantic to left. - William M Monthly for July.

Flowers for the Table.

An artist in flower decorations copies nature in their arrangement. A tail, nodding flower should have its head braced with wire, but violets, pansies, the sprays of the wistaria should droop and lie in lowly fashion, as they grow. The stately lily, the splended tulip and daffodil need tall, slender vases with narrow Nasturtiums and sweet peas should mouths. months. Nasturtums and sweet peas should have vases with wide openings, that they may spread. A crinkled paper that resembles crepe makes a pretty cover for the jar that holds a blossoming plant for the table. This paper comes in beautiful colors, and should match the blossom or be in harmony with

Sir Edwin Arnold gives the following ac account of flower arrangement as it is prac-

ticed in Japan: What Japanese love and strive for in arranging flowers is that which they love most in all their arts—that is, balance and beauty of lines. Your European forist who masses together his roses and gardenians, his maiden-hair ferns and calla lillies, surrounding them with a disk of green and an overcoat of lace paper, appears to the Japanese lover of flow-ers lower than a barbarian. He has lost to the Japanese mind the chief charm of flowers and leaves, which consists in their form of growth, their harmonious sym-metry, and their natural relations. Every school of flower arrangement in Japan would seorn his rural bow pot or guinea bauquet and teach him far nobler thoughts. Each school possesses its own sacred tradi-tions, called Hiden, only imparted to the very proficient. The most popular of modern doral schools is the Enship. This school obvery proficient. The most popular of modern floral schools is the Enshin. This school observes three chief rules: The first, called Kicku, is the art of giving feeling and expression to compositions; the second, called Shitser, is the art of conveying the particular nature of growth, and the third, called Ji, refers to the principle of keeping in mind the particular season in the proper use of buds, open flowers, withered leaves, dew, etc."

Quite as popular a receptacle "for flowers with the simple familiar.

Quite as popular a receptacle "for flowers as any," he tells us, "is the simple familiar stick cut into flower-holders, and not less than forty-two methods are solemnly named for notching and shaping a cane." It is cus-tomary to suspend behind these flower-hold-ers a tablet of wood lacquered black and in-scribed with a poem in golden letters. Some times the bamboo is cut into fantastic forms of boats, rafts and junks. Flowers and branchlets are disposed in these, with sym-bolic meanings, and in strict accordance with natural propriety.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

LITERARY

The Obscurities and Faults in the Text of Shakespeare.

ONLY SCHOLARS EMPHASIZE THEM.

The Bard of Avon Tought Impurturbable Charity and Respectful Forbearance Towards the World of Man-Other Items.

Far too much stress has, I think, been laid upon the difficulties and obscurities of Shakespeare's text. It is mainly the scholars who emphasize these blemishes, to us simple folks the meaning in many a disputed passage is as plain as the way to the parish church, and when we listen to the play on the stage, and the plays were written to be thus listened to, there is not a difficulty from the first scene to the last. However, if there is one lesson deeper than another which Shakespeare teaches us, it is imperturbable charity and respectful forbearance toward the universal world of man. Wherefore if learned men delight to bark and bite over commas, we certainly can afford to look on with a smile. men delight to bark and bite over commas, we certainly can afford to look on with a smile, and—at a respectful distance. To understand why so much importance is attached to the interpretation of phrases in Shake-speare, we have but to remember how dear his words are to every heart, and to understand why his text is open at all to discussion, we must remember the state in which that text has come down to us. In Shakespeare's day every company of actors included one or more playwrights, whose duty it was to provide new plays for the company. These plays, thus provided, were the property of the company: he produced them for his employer, and to him they belonged. This office of playwright explains to my mind, what has been termed shakespeare's indifference to the fate and fame of his plays. His sterling honesty forbade him to claim them. They were no longer his, but belonged to his fellow actors. This is to me an all-sufficing explanation. I think, however, that another explanation might also be surmised, and this is that Shakespeare was conscious of more power than he ever put forth. I doubt if he ever felt that he had done his very best. To him, these dramas must have been far from being the miracles they are to us, and may not, hence, have arisen his indifference to their fate? Be this, however, as it may, certain it is that these plays were held to be the property of the company for whose benefit they were written. This fact, however, did not prevent an unscrupulous and enterprising bookseller from publishing a play which happened to have a run of extraordinary popularity and about twenty of Shakespeare's plays were thus published. How the bookseller procured a copy for these publications plays were thus published. How the book-seller procured a copy for these publications we cannot exactly know. It has been sup-posed that it was taken down by shorthand posed that it was taken down by shorthand during a performance, or that after the play was over the actors were bribed by mugs of beer at neighboring taverns to repeat their part, or a stage copy may have been stolen outright. These single plays, which were published during Shakespeare's lifetime, but without his authority, remember, were cheap, common affairs, often printed with old deacal type on moor paper. They were about sommon anars, often printed with our de-faced type, on poor paper. They were about six or eight inches square and were sold for a sixpence. From the shape in which the paper was folded they have received their name the quartos. These little pamphlets, cheap and common enough in their day, have become the most costly books in the world. become the most costly books in the world. In no one library is there a complete set, and never will be, unless additional copies be discovered hereafter. Seven years after Shakespeare's death, two of his friends and fellow-actors gathered together all his manuscripts, so they said, and published them in 1623 m one large volume, which is called the First Folio. It is this volume which is always accepted as the chief edition of Shakespeare, and it is so accepted because its editors said in the preface that it was printed from Shakespeare's manuscripts. If this were really so perhaps not a breath of opposition to the text of this First Folio would be tolerated, but we know that this assertion by Heminge and Condeil was a grace sertion by Heminge and Condeil was a grace snatched beyond the bounds of truth. In several plays the text of the First Folio is an exact reprint of a quarto, and as a quarto has no intrinsic authority the folio has no intrinsic authority the folio in this case has no more. In point of fact, I think, a little charity will diminish the heinousness of the untruth which Heminge and Condell uttered when they said Heminge and Coudell uttered when they said they printed from Shakespeare's manuscript. They printed from copies which had been in use on the stage for many years. There had doubtless been stage copies, originally in Shakespeare's handwriting, but as time had rendered them much worn, or even worn out, they had been replaced by copies of the printed quartos, and as the correct, original text had been perhaps copied from worn-out manuscript into the printed quarto, Shakespeare's friends deemed themselves honest and true when they said that they had printed from Shakespeare's own handwriting.—Dr. Howard H. Furness, in Poet-Lore.

Unsold Books in Paris.

Parisians—if we are to judge from some statistics published—do not take so kindly at present to fiction in book form. Formerly the yellow-covered novel, which cost usually about half a crown or a little more when just issued, was to be seen on every table and in the hands of numerous travelers by boats, rail or car. There is now, however, a crisis threat-ened in the book trade, and novels are at a considerable discount. It is estimated that there are from fifteen to twenty popular authors whose books fill the requirements of the publishers. To attain this end at least 30,000 copies of a work must be soid. Zola and a few others work must be sold. Zona and a live others reach this point easily, but it has happened lately that one of the most celebrated of the latter-day fictionists had the misfortune to find that 45,000 copies of his last production were returned to the publishers by the Maison Hachette, which has the monopoly of railway bookstalls. Of a splendidly bound has the terror author or amented with book by a famous author, ornamented with designs by eminent artists and advertised in designs by eminent artists and advertised in the most extensive and elaborate manner, only one copy was got off. Of another work of the same description, but less expensive, only six copies were sold, the remainder being handed over at aridiculous priceto the second-hand booksellers on the quays. It is stated furthermore that one publisher in Paris has now on hand three millions of volumes which he cannot sell. The fact is that the authors themselves are to blame partly for this threatthemselves are to blame partly for this threat-ened crisis in the book trade by allowing their works to appear in serial form in newspapers and reviews before final publication. People read feuilletons as eagerly as ever in France, and, what is more, they cut them out and sew them together, so as to avoid having to buy the stories eventually in book form. At the same time, there are a select body of authors, who appear well able to hold their own.—London Daily Telegraph.

The United States Language.

The London Spectator recently said, with a The London spectator recently saw with a liberality as generous as unexpected, that the prose now being written on this side of the Atlantic is often more scholarly and has a greater sense of distinction and of force and clearness than on the other side. To this may be added the prediction of Theodore Watt, in this exticle on "The Fotuses of American be added the prediction of Theodore wat, in his article on "The Future of American Literature," that "so full is America of every kind of Anglo-Saxon force, so full of literary as well as mechanical genius, that I believe the great English writers of the twentieth century may well be born on American soil," Beyond question there has sprung up in the Beyond dassies not only a certain style of vocables, but a distinctive literary style as well, especially in prose. We have not been satisfied merely to prose. We have not been satisfied merely to spell "honor" and "color" and like words without the u, to which the English adhere so persistently, but we have formulated new sets and series of ideas upon the subjects of honorand color and many others. Whether honor and color and many others. Whether the change in spelling has induced the change in habits of thought might be an interesting speculation, but, however this may be, no one who reads with any exercise at all of the critical faculty can fail to be struck with the distinction rather than the difference between English and American prose. It is really much easier to see and appreciate this dis-English and American process.

In much easier to see and appreciate this distinction than so explain or define it. The language being common to both countries, there can be none of those idiomatic differences which distinguish foreign languages from English. The basis of English and American speech is the same, and much of the superstructure is identical, yet there is seldom any difficulty in saying of an author that he is American or English, as the case may difficulty in saying of an author that he is American or English, as the case may be. Recent critics have professed to find the distinction most clearly marked in short the love of God made man hearts and tongues,

stories. They say there is a freshness, vigor, nerve and mederaness, to say nothing of a national atmosphere about the American short story which is sadly lacking in the same kind of English literature. Ripling, of course, is not a case in point, since his snort stories are very decidedly un-English in any aspect in which they can be considered. But leaving out of consideration fiction, which is, under any view of it, largely adventitious and calculated rather to amuse and please than to instruct it must be admitted by the candid critic that the London Spectator has much reason for its declaration. A comparison of the English of the best articles in the Forum and North American and similar magazines with the English of the English and Scotch monthlies and quarterlies will convince any one that the former has a clean-cut, distinct, analytical and logical quality which the latter has not. There is an accuracy in the use of words, an appreciation of delicate shades of meaning and a certain directness of purpose which most modern English writers do not seem able to compass. For this reason it is only a source of amusement to us to read the lament of certain English writers over the want of a distinctively American literature. They appear to think that an American literature must necessarily deal chiefly, if not wholly, with Indians, Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite Valley and Similar matural and indigenous entities or products. They fail to see that the United States has outgrown Fenimore Cooper and his Leather-Stocking tales, and that we assert and maintain the right to discuss and deal with all the complex problems of nature and humanity on equal terms with the rest of the world, but in our own way, and that out of this intellectual independence and vigor has grown what may be called, with all propriety, the United States language.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Author of Two Hundred Plays. We have found a Grand Old Man to replace M. de Lesseps, who is no longer le Grand Francais. His successor is M. d'Ennery, who has got to the shady side of eighty, and who is yet hale, hearty and bright of wit. He claims to have been for the best part of his his a moral man, and to have lived by rule; and limited his ambition to that of being rule; and limited his ambition to that of being a popular playwright, never troubling himself about what the Academy might think of him. When he got to the downward slope of life he gave up working in the day time and going to dinners and other festive doings in the even thing the strength of the strength of the strength. and to keep his brain fresh by not letting it be overwrought. To this end he did not rise in the morning before eight. After a cup of black coffee he worked until eleven, when he black coffee he worked until eleven, when he lunched generally on two eggs and a small quanity either of fish or chicken. He then went to a cafe to see friends, read the papers and make notes of incidents related in them which might be worked up into dramas. At two he was at home to callers. The dinner-bell rang at six. He generally arranged to have a few pleasant people, with whom he could chat in a quite unaffected manner, to share the meal. Mild whist, carte or piquet followed, and desk work from nine to eleven. He never was in a hurry, and he has managed in the course of his life to produce and bring out on the stage two hundred drammatic works. D'Emnery has one mania—the bric.a-brac one. He built for himself a pretty seaside house at Villers.sur-Mer, where he spends the hot months of the year. Madame d'Ennery is a notable housewife, and her husband, as he writes his plays, submits them to her judgment. He is now busy at a sensato her judgment. He is now busy at a sensa-tional drama in five acts.—London Truth.

Literary Notes.

It is said that during last year only 940 books were published in Constantinople. Justin McCarthy, the younger, has already written eleven books and seven plays, although

he is only thirty years old.

T. Whittaker & Co. will publish directly Canon Cheyne's Bampton Lectures for 1890, on the "Historical Origin and Religous Ideas of the Psalter."

Professor Tyndall's health is improving to
Professor Tyndall's health is preparing for the

such an extent that he is preparing for the press a volume of essays, addresses and re-views, to be issued under the title "Fragments

of Science."

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont's stories of adventures in the far West during her husband's travels have just been issued by D. Lothrop Company in a volume called "The Will and the Way Stories."

Mr. Edmund Pendleton, author of "A Conventional Bohemian" and "A Virginia Inheritance," has written a new novel, entitled "One Woman's Way," which will be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co.

D. Appleton & Co. have in press "Justice," being part II. of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Morality." began same shortly by D. Appleton & Co of Merality," begun some years ago with "The Data of Ethics." They also announce a new edition of Mr. Spencer's "Essays—Scientific, Political and Speculative," in

The Pall Mall Gazette remarks that it is "not likely that many books of importance will be published before October," and that "meanwhile English publishers and American printers are busy in preparing books for simultaneous issue in both countries. It will be interesting, both from an economic of American protection in the printing trade. Will the English printers lose altogether the business which will now go to America, or will the publishers devise other work for them to do?"

D. Lothrop Company have just published "Here and Beyond," selected by Carrie A. Cooke; "The Will and the Way Stories," by Cooke: "The Will and the Way Stories," by Jessie Benton Fremont: "Verses," by Celia Thuxter: "National Flowers," by Fanne A. Deane, and "The Christmas Book," by Hezekiah Butterworth. They also issue new editions of George MacDonald's remarkable successful romatice "There and Back," Laura D. Nichols fanciful, but practical "Overhead," Margaret Sidney's home story "How Tomand Dorthy Made and Kept a Christian Home." Ober's "Silver City" and "The Concord Guide Book."

The late Calmann Levy, the Paris publisher, was acquainted with nearly all the famous French writers of the last half century, and his house enjoyed almost a monopoly of the dramatists. He was the last of four brothers, who were associated in the book trade, and he inherited a fortune of \$8,000,000 from his brother Michael, the originator of the firm. The average annual output of Calmann Levy's presses was 1,724,000 volumes and 2,500,000 als, and he kept going fourteen papermills thirty printing-houses, thirteen bind-eries and various other factories and ware-

Hawthorne's mastery of the preternatural Hawthorne's mastery of the preternatural seems to us the most characteristic feature in his genius. He followed no predecessor; he left behind him no successor. He stands so completely alone that the ordinary methods of comparative criticism are baffled. He must be taken as what he is an original genius. Yet, independent as he is, he cannot be called a distinctively American novelist. He is not a novelist at all. Fancy, imagination, poetic vision, are his gifts. Romance is his domain. Too intent upon penetrating his domain. Too intent upon penetrating below the surface in both men and things, he represented neither as they passed before it eyes. He looks through rather than at life.

The Power of Love.

Men are always trying to find and use some new power, while even overlooking the great powers close at hand. The strength of love. like that of all seemingly gentle forces, is easily underestimated, and can be truly seen only in its effects. The very existence of the New Testament word for love is a witness to its power. Never had human language so staggered under the attempt to express the nature of God until that nature was revealed in Christ. Then, as an old coin, after being

nature of God until that nature was revealed in Christ. Then, as an old coin, after being melted down, goes forth stamped with a new design, an old word was sent out with an entirely new meaning.

The thought entered the hearts of men as well as their tongues. As the mountain lake mirrors everything on the background of the sky that shines up from its depths, so the early Christians saw men around them, not as they were in themselves, not as they were embraced in themselves, but as they were embraced in God's boundless love, and that they were in themselves, not as they were embraced in God's boundless love, and that love constrained to deeds at which the old world stood smazed. From this motive came the heroism of missions, unequalled by the heroism of war. Love changed the lives into which it came, and in like manner it transfigured the lives which came in contact with these. We look at the most common charitable and philanthropic enterprises to-day, and they seem to be prompted by the mercat feeling of humanity, but before Christian love had leavened the world they would have been sought in vain, even among the most highly civilized nations. Faith had wrought its miracles in stopping the mouths of lions quenching the power of fire, escaping the edge of the sword; love wrought no less miracles in subduing and transforming the most degraded human beings, and every Christian nation or individual is a monument to the love of God made known by loving human hearts and tongues.

THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

The Experiment Station at Cornell Uni-

versity on Manures.

USEPUL HINTS ON FARM MANAGEMENT.

The Treatment and Handling of Horses in Hot Weather-Old Maids the Cause of

Variety in Plants.

The experiment station of Cornell University recently issued an important bulletin on the production and care of farm manures.

A series of investigations were made to determine the loss in stable manures by exposure in open barn-yards. In one experiment, two tons of horse manure, mixed with straw bedding, were put in a place exposed to the weather where the drainage was so good that all water not absorbed by the manure ran through and off at once.

Cheminal analysis of samples showed that the two tons of fresh manure were worth \$5.60. At the end of six months the weight had decreased from 4,000 pounds to 1,730 pounds, and the value to \$2.12.

In summing up the results of this and similar experiments the builetin says: "It seems safe to say that under the ordinary conditions of piling and exposure the loss of fertilizing materials during the course of the summer is not likely to be much below 50 per cent. of the original value of the manure."

Comment is hardly necessary to call attentions to the conditions of the condition

tion to the enormous waste that is daily going on in the open barn-yards of the whole coun-

As the manure has to be handled and applied anyway, this waste is a net loss. The value given is based on the prices of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash in commercial fertilizers. So the net loss in dollars and cents may be more or less than given above in different localities. in different localities.

in different localities.

For preventing the loss from firefanging and leaching, where manures are not taken direct from the stable to the fields, cheap manure sheds are recommended. A description and illustrations of inexpensive sheds for this purpose will appear in our next number. HOW TO OIL A HARNESS.

Take the harness to a room where you can induckle it, and separate the parts completely. Wash each part well in lukewarm water to which has been added a little potash. Sorab well with a brush until all grease and dust has been removed. Work the pieces well under the hand until they become supple. It won't do to oil until it becomes so. Let the parts dry in a place where they will do so slowly. When just moist, oil. For this purpose use cod liver oil. It is the best for the purpose. Besides, if you were to use neat's foot, the rats and mice are your enemies at once, while they will not touch a harness oiled with cod liver oil. Give a good dose of oil to all parts, then hang up to dry. When dry rub well with a soft rag.

W. Vale, in Feathered World, says: "I shall endeavor to make it clear that ducks, when properly managed, are a source of profit, and even when kept in very confined places. With only an available space of from eight to ten square yards, a pen of ducks can be kept with less trouble, cleaner and healthier than a pen of fowls. a pen of fowls.

There are very many who start keeping

DUCKS FOR PROFIT.

"There are very many who start keeping ducks who soon give them up through some fault in the system of management, and having failed to keep them in a satisfactory manner, they condemn them and say they are dirty creatures, big eaters, cannot be kept healthy in confined places, are unprofitable, etc., all of which is wholly without foundation.

"As regards cleanliness, there is not any creature that takes more time and care in cleaning itself. The duck will preen and dress its feather by the hour together, therefore, if it has the means it will keep itself clean. They will live and thrive upon coarser and less costly food than fowls, and yield a greater weight of eggs. Scraps, potato parings and other waste from the food supply of most houses is usually thrown into the dust-bin; this cooked and mixed with middlings (the dressing from wheaten four) will dlings (the dressing from wheaten flour) will generally be found to be sufficient food for a pen of ducks. Still they should have some corn each day.

"When keeping Aylesbury. Pekin, or com-mon farmyard ducks, I have always more than eighty eggs from each during the season, averaging in weight two and one-parter ounces. Some people object to the flavor of the eggs, which depends very much upon where the ducks are kept and the kind of food supplied to them. The eggs from ducks cupplied with clean water, sweet and wholesome food, and kept on a smooth, hard floor which is kept clean, are entirely different from those from ducks that seek for food in muddy pends and foul ditches.

"Though my own ducks are kept in rather close confinement, I have never lost one, old or young, through disease; and consequently eighty eggs from each during the season, averaging in weight two and one-quarter

or young, through disease; and consequently their state of health has never been a cause of anxiety, but a pleasure to contemplate. HEAVY MILKERS.

The Rural World says: Cows that are large milkers and fresh in milk when turned to the pasture should be milked three times a day instead of twice. They are hearty feeders and

pasture should be minaed three times a day instead of twice. They are hearty feeders and have plenty of paunch room, and having been bred and developed almost with the one object of turning fodder into milk, their production is limited only when they can hold no more. Contrary to a common opinion, by so doing the milk obtained will be of a better quality, as well as increased in quantity.

When anything greatly disturbs the cow the percentage of fat in her milk is lessened to even a greater extent than her milk flow. This has been proved by repeated tests, when they have been worried by dogs, abused by ill-tempered milkers, or in any way frightened or excited. Perhaps the fever in the blood burns out the fat, or causes it to be absorbed into the system. But whatever the reason, the fact is abundantly proven, and as the over-distention of the over-filled milk veins and glands cannot help but cause pain, this will explain why the milk is richer in solids and especially in butter fats, when it is drawn three times a day than when it is drawn twice. SHEEP BIG FOOLS.

No animal that walks on four legs is as big a fool as a sheep, according to a sheep-raiser

who says:
"We have to watch them every minute, and "We have to watch them every minute, and if vigilance is relaxed for an instant the entire tlock is likely to practically commit suicide. If caught in a storm on the plains they will drift before the wind and die of coid and exposure rather than move one hundred yards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. To drive sheep against the wind is absolutely impossible. I once lost over one thousand head because I could not drive them to a cor-ral not two hundred feet away. In the head because I could not drive them to a corral not two hundred feet away. In the corral they are still more foolish. If a storm comes up they all move down wind, until stopped by the fence. Then begins the proceeding so much dreaded by sheepmen, known as 'piling.' The sheep will climb over each other's backs until they are heaped up ten feet high. Of course all those at the bottom are smothered. Not one has sense enough to seek shelter under the lea has sense enough to seek shelter under thelea of the fence, as a horse or dog would do. Again, if a sheep gets into a quicksand its fate teaches nothing to those that come immediately after, but the whole flock will follow its leader to destruction. No more exasper atingly stupid brute than a sheep walks."

THE ADVANTAGE IN STRAIGHT ROWS. We are obliged to pass by two gardens very day, says the Rural New Yorker. In every day, says the Rural New Yorker. In one the rows were made either by guess or with a very slack string. They now wobble and twist across the field. In the other they and twist across the field. In the other they run straight as an arrow and the seed was carefully sown with a seed-drill. The sowing with accuracy took a little longer, but it paid. The straight rows have all been worked with a garden wheel-hoe. It is the boast of the owner that he won't permit a hand-hoe to be brought into his garden. There is no need of one, for the wheel-hoe will run close to his straight rows and kill every weed worth killing.

Among the crooked rows of the other gar Among the crooked rows of the other garden the wheel-hoe would do more harm than good, and the owner is obliged to depend upon a hand-hoe or go down on his knees to pay the penalty due a careless start. We noticed much the same thing in large potato fields last week. Through the straight rows the mules drew the riding cultivator at a fast walk without a hitch. In the crooked rows 50 per cent more time was required dodging, twisting and stopping to avoid pulling up plants. It pays to be straight. Nothing pays better.

HORSES IN HOT WEATHER. A writer in the National Stockman says:

We should as far as possible feed cooling feed in the hot season. Bran and oats are not as besting as corn, yet the horse should have a little corn every day with this feed. Green fodder carried to the barn is better than compelling tired horses to work for their support half the night. I see farmers turn their work horses out at night to graze and have done so myself, but do not like the plan, for the horses are more stupid and lifeless than when kept in the stable. Keep in the stable, feed good, cooling feed, and keep the stables clean and nice, for the strong odor of the stable encourages stable files, which keep the horses kicking all night. How much rest is it to the horse if he has to fight flies all the time? Have the doors and windows of the stables protected with wire gauze or mosquito net

horse if he has to fight flies all the time? Have the doors and windows of the stables protected with wire gauze or mosquito net trames to keep out flies.

Another very important thing overlooked by too many is watering the horses. Many farmers practice watering their horses only three times a day, and I know some who do not water their horses in the morning before going to work. This is thoughtlessness. It is very hard for a horse to be compelled to work without water until noon, and especially on a hot summer day. How would his driver get along with only a drink at noon and one at night? These long June and July days it is equally as bad for the horse, but he cannot tell his desires in words.

No farmer would think of taking out his horse to work without freeding him corn and hay, or feed of some kind. It is just as easentiable the horse have water. Water is food just the same as grain, and when the horse is in need of water it is because the system is becoming exhausted, just the same as when needing grain or other feed, and I have thought the scarcer a farmer is of feed the oftener he should give his horse water. If one could provide water in the field for his horses and give the poor tired beasts a few minutes' rest, and a drink every time he drank water himself, it would be far better for his horse.

INSECTS CARRYING POLLEN.

INSECTS CARRYING POLLEN.

A professor at Ann Arbor, Mich., was discussing the the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying the pollen from one plant to another, and to amuse them, teld how old maids were the ultimate cause of it all. The bumble-bees carry the pollen; the field-mice at the bumble-bees, therefore, the more field-mice the fewer bumble-bees and the less pollen and variation of plants. But cats devour field-mice, and old maids protect cats. Therefore, the more old maids, the more cats; the fewer field-mice, the more bees. Hence old maids are the cause of variety in plants. Thereupon, a sophomore, with a single eye glass, an English umorella, a box coat, with his trousers rolled up at the bottom, arose and asked: "I sa-ay, professah, what is the cause—ah—of old maids, don't you know?" "Perhaps Miss Jones can tell you," suggested the professor. "Dudes" said Miss Jones, sharply, and without a moment's hesitation.

Biblical Criticism on a Scientific Basts.

Biblical Criticism on a Scientific Basis.

The chief struggle between Biblical criticism and the traditional dogma is about the question of inerrancy. No word of Holy Scripture, no sentence of historic creed, makes this claim for the Bible. It is a the ry of modern dogmaticians. Biblical criticism finds errors in Holy Scripture in great numbers. These errors are in the circumstantials, and not in the essentials. They do not disturb any doctrine: they do not change the faith and life of the Christian Church. The great reformers, Calvin and Luther, recognized errors in the Scriptures, Baxter and Rutherford were not anxious about them: the greatest theologians of modern Germany, Van Costerzee, Tholuck, Neander, Stier, Lange, Dorner, Delitzch, do not ignore them. Where is the German scholar of any rank who denies them? British scholars such as Sanday, Cheyne, Driver, Gore, Davidson, Bruce, Dods, Blaikie, American scholars such as Schaff, Fisher, Thayer, Harper, Smyth, Evans, H. P. Smith, Francis Brown, and hosts of others, frankly point them out. It may be regarded as the consensus of Biblical scholars that the Bible is not inerrent; and yet the dogmaticians insist that one error destroys its inspiration. They battle in death-struggle for their dogma because their Bible shares in its defeat. They risk their whole Bible on a single error. One error in citation, one error in natural history, in astronomy, in geology, in chronology, destroys the whole Bible for them. It is now generally admitted that there are errors in the present text, but it is claimed that the original autographs as they first came from their authors were inerrent. But how can they prove this? It is pure speculation in the interest of their dogma. Criticism does not find the number of errors decreasing; they rather increase as we work our way back in the study of manuscripts, versions and citations, and advance in the critical analysis of the literature. It discredits the entire the study of manuscripts, versions and cita tions, and advance in the critical analysis of the literature. It discredits the entire of the literature. It discredits the entire work of criticism to speculate as to another text than the best one we can get after the most patient and painstaking study. Biblical criticism pursues its work in a purely scientific spirit. It will detect, recognize and point out errors wherever it may find them in Holy Scripture. If the reformers and Puritans, the great Biblical scholars of the past, have maintained their faith in the Bible not with standing the errors they have seen in it. have maintained their faith in the Bible not-withstanding the errors they have seen in it, it is improbable that the Biblical critics of our day will be disturbed by them. If any one is disturbed, it will be those who have been misled by the dogmaticians to rest their faith on the doctrine of inerrancy. These will ere long find the doctrine a broken reed that will give them a severe fall and shock to their faith, if it does not pierce them to the heart with the bitter agony of perplexity and doubt. —From "The Theological Crisis," by Professor Charles A. Briggs, in North American Review for July.

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